

ISOLATED RAT HEARTS 50¢



IRH interviews SLK

Not much of an editorial this time just info. Starting with an update on Chas's letter. Last week he got sentenced 15-50 yrs and moved to Jackson! He will be appealing this, of course. Good luck, Chas.

Chris Graham also was in prison last month. Seems that last year he was arrested for drunk driving and had to go to alcohol classes, which he didn't do. So the law threw him into the Hogback Hilton for a week to teach him a lesson. (It did: Don't Get Caught!) His situation was not as bad as Chas's, he was made a trustee and go to serve dinner to the murders and violent criminals. He's out now a living in Midland for a while.

Lost Generation were also in prison; not for a crime, they played in Milan prison for the prisoners. They weren't allowed to bring a camera in so no pictures, sorry. The show was a success but many prisoners elected to watch porno on cable. Lost Generation will be live on WCBN #88.3 Sun. Oct. 10 8-9pm.

In San Fransico, Nancy (Fantasy Fashion) Pastor was attacked and knifed in the face during a robbery. She was in hospital for a while, but is out now and all right. Seems like it doesn't matter where you go, you can get hurt.

Kent Heine was stabbed in the back last month, downtown in the McDonald's area. He was hospitalized for awhile and has a large scar; his attackers escaped scott free.

I the last few months a band called SLK has become very prominent on the local music scene realizing this and wishing to know more about them Jerry and I interviewed the band Fr day Sept. 17 during the music festivall at the Star Bar. All members of SLK were fpresent which is:Mike Behrman/Guitar; Art Brownell/Vocals;John Hildebrandt/Drums; Bill McNally/Guitar; Joan Maseresau; Sax,roast manager, soundmen; Carl Staffeld/Sax; Roger Schwoebel/Bass; and ChrisVreede/ Keyboards.

Jerry: So how did your band start?

Sean: Yeh I've seen you guys over about the last 2 years and in the beginning you were more of a rythm and blues bands

Art: We were originally known as the "After School Blues Band"

Si: So who's idea was it to go from a blues to a ska orientation?

Mike: Art and I originally conceived it as a blues band. Once we started playing we found we had absolutely no talent as blues musicians.

Art: We had neither talent nor expierience.

Mike: It's more or less a dying art form. We were looking around for something new when a friend of mine who was going to art school turned me onto ska. The more I listened to it the more I loved, so I played to these guys and they got into it.

Art: Another big part of the transition was getting Roger as our bass player because our old bass player

couldn't have kept up.

Nice guy but.....he still owes us money.

Si: Ahh I'm familiar with that. When you started on ska had you listened to much Jamaican music?

Art: Yeh, reggae like

Bob Marley, Peter Tosh



pic: Bill McNally



CHRIS V. and ROGER S.

Reggie McNamee

J: I know you guys have one single out since when...

Mike: March it came out in March the it has our old drummers in instead of John and Billy. We'll probably rerecord the songs (Trigger Talk and Lorele) if we do an album.

J: Didn't you guys just do another recording in a studio? Will that be an album or what?

Mike: Well we recorded the first part of it and we're lookin for a national label deal. If we get that then we'll finish it and have them put it out; but if we gotta do it then we're gonna have to wait a few months. We'd rather not release it as an independent.

S: I suppose it'll take more money from you if it's done that way.

Mike: Yeah, right actually getting it made is the easy part; getting a record distributed is hard. Following up on it, checking the stores calling people, and so on.

J: Does anyone know when the album from tonight will come out?

Roger: Supposedly December 1, but that's pushing it, but it should be out for Christmas or the first of the year.

Art: We were just listening to the rough tape and it sounds Great!!

Roger: Tom the sound guy really knows what he's doing. He's been head engineer at 'CEN for a long time and I'm sure he picked up so much from that; and he's worked with Eclipse too.

S: You started out doing a lot of covers now you are doing more of your own material.

S: Much later historically

ska tho.

M

Mike: We didn't start going back into it until after we were playing.

Art: Definitely our intro to ska was thru the English bands, such as the Specials The Beat and Selector rather than the originals.

S: I think most peoples was. Ska was rather obscure.

Who writes your original songs? Does one person do it or do you all get together?

Mike: Well everyone writes right now. Billy's got a song, Ace (JOHN) wrote a couple.

It's like someone bringing in the skeleton framework and everyone fleshes it in.

The person who's song it is will kinda guide it along.

Art: Right they'll have the chord changes down and probably the bass line, especially Roger, our bass player. But after that it's like "Here's the bass line, John, what kind of drum part can you work out with that" and usually the vocals are pretty much worked out beforehand, too.

Mike: We don't play or record until everybody is set on their part. We keep practising and practising, we practise everyday except the day after a gig.



ART

pic: Bill McNeil

Roger: Then a lot of us live together. Four of us just got a house. It's got 4 acres so we can play all the time. We can just open the windows now and blast our brains out.

In our old neighborhood they were such dicks you wouldn't believe it. They passed a petition around saying "we don't want any loud music!"

Art: Eight households signed it, trying to kick us out.

Roger: But none of them would sign their names to it, all they did was sign their addresses. They were just total chickens, I mean they wouldn't even come over and ask us to turn it down.

S: I'd believe it! I've never had it go that far but I've lived with a few bands and Jerry plays with the Truth. We're both familiar with that kind of shit.

J: Have you had any response from your demo tape out of any national groups?

Mike: Well the thing is we've only just got the copyright worked out so we didn't really want it to go out. We've just talked to the president of Amco records; we're

going to talk to some cats from IRS and Boardwalk Records and Arson; but it's still early now.

Art: We've had offers from some of the local detroit groups like Arson and Trend City, people like that, but they can't supply tour support. The trouble with being around here is that there are no big record companies.

Mike: Right, you've got to make a big enough stink to havethem send someone out here or have something big enough that they will send for you.

J: Well we are about out of time how about one last question for the teenyboppers. How old is every one in the band?

Mike: Well we range from about 20 -24.

S: I'm sure they're all old enough to drink, judging from the way they down Guiness!

Art: We're all in our sexual prime, spread it around

John: NINE-NINE-FIVE-FIVE-THREE-TWO-SEVEN. CALL US UP ANYTIME GIRLS, THAT'S OK!



MIKE

Photo: Bill McCallum



The Case of Charles Spratling

Charles Spratling, known to his friends as Chaz, is in jail right now. He was living at 423 Benjamin when he was torn from his home on a rape charge. A non-violent person if ever there was one, he just doesn't seem to be the type who would commit such a crime. I have never known him to have any problem with girls, in fact he had a serious relationship before he was put in jail. Jackson prison just doesn't seem right for this gentle person. But instead of me telling you of his plight I will give you his own words. This letter was written on August fourth, 1982.

Dear Aaron Jones and "the Truth",

It's good to hear from you-all. I'm here in jail, not doing much of anything. I can read stuff from the jail library, and since I'm in medical, they let my girlfriend bring me a T.V. perhaps I can get a radio too. And I get a lot of mail, and I answer it all.

Twice a week I get a "store order", unless they mess up. I can buy things like shampoo, toothpaste, cigarettes, stationary, and candy. I've got money in my account, that is no problem. I'll send a list of available items in my next letter, for information purposes.

You are wrong about the police attitude. Each one is different, it's impossible to type-cast them, but most will treat you right if you are polite. The worst treatment I've had from the police since I've been here is to be ignored when I want attention. A few have copped an attitude simply because of my charge, but the ones who know me now realize I'm not that kind.

About how I got here; I was arrested in January for a crime that occurred in August. Consequently, I couldn't say where I was at the time (Aug. 22, 7:30 A.M.) but I never got up a 7:30 if I can avoid it. They didn't question me first or anything, just came into my house with a warrant for my arrest. It was scary; this warrant has my name, victim's name, address where crime occurred, the crime and case number, and the penalty, "years to life". Yea, it scared me shitless. I got brought down town and finger printed, searched, and got to call my mother. I sat ~~here~~ around for a few hours, and they kept asking me questions, but I would not answer until I talked to a lawyer. They arrested me about 10:00. By 1:00 I was in a courtroom, arraigned (formally charged), and had bonds set, still without benefit of a lawyer. The cop was going to ask for a 25000.00 dollar bond, but when he found my California drivers liscence he doubled it. The judge asked why he shouldn't follow that recommendation. I said, "I've lived in Michigan for twenty-four years, and I'm not going anywhere. And I don't have anywhere near that much money. If you want to keep me in jail, that's the way to do it. That bond is totally unreasonable." The judge followed the cop's recommendation.

They took me to the county jail about 4:00. By 8:00 my dad had bailed me out. The deputies were in shock, and so was I. I hadn't even talked to my parents, just the answering machine. His lawyer shrewdly waited until the judge had gone home to bail me out, he might have raised it. Dad posted a 10% bond, 5000.00 dollars.

I was totally flipped out, had no idea what was going on. I had never met this girl I'm supposed to have raped, didn't know if she was young or old, black or white.

The next day my name was in the paper. God, was I embarrassed!! The paper said I was arrested "on the basis of a composit drawing". This turned out to be untrue, at least as far as I can tell. In fact every news article concerning my case has had errors.

I believe I told you-all I had been arrested, but didn't discuss it on my lawyers advice. I told a few people, because I was so flipped

out it was always on my mind. All of my friends remained my friends, which surprised me too.

I next gained information at a "preliminary examination", basically the police said why they arrested me, and a judge decided if I should be tried. Before that they asked me to be in a line-up. I went back to the jail, and they picked out five look-alikes. I changed into green coveralls that had all of the snaps missing. I was scared, the other jailbirds were bored, the difference was really apparent.

We each took a number, and they took our picture. Then we went upstairs to a room with one-way glass. We can't see the victims. I was only accused of one crime, but six different women took a look at me. Step forward, turn around, repeat after me, "you like it more than I do" really degratin, ya know? when it's over they won't let me leave! I waited about a hour for my lawyer to come get me. So at this "preliminary examination" I find out she picks out me and another as "possibles". This girl had her apartment broken into (She's testifying) some minor stuff ripped off and she gets raped. Some asshole pulls plastic chair out from her bedroom door and jumps on her with a knife in his hand. She gets a look at him then he puts a bag over her head. She describes him as "dark haired, clean shaven and slightly built and pale". Well, I'm not worried, last summer I was tanned and muncled from working in the sun, and I've always had a moustache. So this guy rapes her and douches her with a beer bottle, then splits.

It takes the fuzz five months to find my print on this bottle. Nowhere else, not on this plastic chair, not on the forced open window, not on her doorknob, not on her phone that was put off the hook. Why they suspected me in the first place, to check my prints, I don't know. I've lived in that building before, twice, but years before.

So I'm bound over for trial in April. I get it delayed until July. In June my friend billy gets picked up for...you got it...rape. His story is as complicated as mine. suffice it to say, after waiting in jail for a month and a half, the state dropped charges. But not before they talk to his wife, she tells them I wear a leather jacket and who knows what else.

I come to trial. I should really explain how my fingerprints got put on this bottle. The bottle was this broads, already in her house. I've either been set up, or damn strange circumstances. All I can figure is that, since it was a molson bottle(my brand), perhaps I touched it in a store or something. I do have a habit of mixing up molson beers and ales into a variety pack. So this is what my witnesses tell the jury. I've always had a moustache, last summer I had a good tan, and I touche a lot of molsons beer.

The prosecution says 1) This woman was raped. 2) my prints are on the bottle. 3) I wear a black leather jacket, and 4) I carry a knife. He produces my swiss army knife!

Based on that six men and six women find me guilty in four hours. I just can't understand it. So I'm waiting for my sentence and appeal, years to life, for a crime I didn't do, no one was injured in and lasted less than an hour. Some things make no sense, but no one ever said that life was fair. It's not as bad as getting hit by a truck, except on my reputation. But the adventure is just beginning!

When I came back from california in july, 1980, I was still very much in love with Julie, a girl friend I had lived with for a couple of years. She moved on to other things, but after awhile we managed to be pretty good friends. In September I took up briefly with Suzy MaHarry (you might know her from community) when we met at work.

When that fell through, I took up with Myrna, a friend of a friend and we got along O... but no skyrockets. I was going to college too. After I got arrested I got paranoid, I wanted to sleep with someone

every night, both for security and for an alibi in case the police want to question me every time someone gets jumped on (they didn't). Too much too soon took it's toll on Myrna and me. I moved to 423 Benjamin in April, about the same time I took up with Tammy. Myrna and I still maintain a close (but platonic) relationship. I had a good summer and fell very much in love. She is still my girl, writes and visits whenever possible, although we can't even touch hands. We had a real fine evening before I was taken away, but the celebration I had planned for after my aquittal got cancelled.

When the jury was coming in to give their verdict my lawyer said "If they won't look you in the eye, they've found you guilty," it was true. They handcuffed me and put me in a holding cell behind the courtroom. I didn't even get to kiss my mother. Yea, I cried for a while. After awhile I was moved to the jail, and sat in a holding cell there for awhile. This was a Friday afternoon, and the place was packed. I was with some guys busted for selling ounces of cocaine, and another guy busted for selling 100 hits of acid. After dinner they took my street clothes, gave me some sheets, a blanket, a towel, and a pair of too small cover-all's. They put me in a cell in the maximum security area "because we're too crowded and there's no room anywhere else." Three days later they let me buy a toothbrush, some granola bars, pencils, a pad of paper and envelopes from the store. I've got (and still do) visits on Sunday and Thursday. If people will wait in line for two hours and show I.D. they can visit me (through glass) for twenty minutes. Maximum security drove me nuts. On one side of me this nut talked to himself all night, on the other side the guy would bang on the glass wall and scream. Yet another would stop up the toilet and flood the place. The ventilation was so bad I couldn't even exercise and breathe. There were no outside windows, and the sink didn't work, I had to drink from the toilet. I was going nuts, being around all those crazies it's contagious. I did get to make phone calls, they had a blue charge-a-phone in the hall. Sometimes the officer would let people into the hall to smoke (it's not allowed in the cells, nor are matches. WE have to ask for a light, and todo that we have to get a cops attention first.), and I could call people (collect of course).

I knew I couldn't compete with the nuts at making noise to get the cops attention. I started writing notes to the guards to please move me. Maximum is for people who fuck up in cell blocks, and I hadn't done that. I'd give the notes to the trustees who brought meals. trustees are privileged prisoners, who do all the work. Well, they moved me to D block, I stayed in max. a week.

The block was a trip. Sixteen men each have their own cells, with doors electrically operated by the cops. They let you out when they want, and the rule is always close the door behind you. There are windows, a table and bed (bolted to the walls). In the day room, where they let us out to, you can take a shower anytime you want. There's a T.V., books and a newspaper. But fifteen guys to share it with, and they ~~are~~ criminals, always playing Mr. tough guy. So I let the black read the paper first and change the channel on the T.V. I got upset when they started asking if I was queer, made sure not to turn my back or get soap in my eyes in the shower. I started carrying a long sharp pencil in my sock, the nearest thing to a weapon I am allowed.

I lasted a week before trouble hit. During that time I did alright. I went to the jail library, saw my lawyer, got into the exercise court yard (sun and fresh air) twice. I'm not sure where the trouble came from, but it might have been this. Trustees bring our food and put it in a dining room. It's not good, but there is a lot of it. Coffee and milk at breakfast, other wise kool-aid or lomona~~4pm~~ otherwise there is no choice about food, it's cold and only a plastic spoon to eat it with, off of a plastic tray. The rule is last one done must

wipe off the tables. Well two guys took their trays over to the sink (you're supposed to leave them there) but they weren't done eating. I was the last one at the table, but when I was done, these guys were still eating. I put my tray on the stack and went back to the day room these two followed when they were done, but no one had wiped the tables. The guard called on the intercom (he sits in a unbreakable glass office with all the controls, and watches us through windows) and said, to no one in particular, to wipe off the tables. I said I wasn't the last one done eating and wouldn't do it. One of the white guys did it without a word, but a couple of the blacks gave me a hard time. I said I didn't mind the work but didn't want to be "fucked with". They got "bad" and talked about beating and raping my white ass, and one of them bounded up to me and cocked back his fist. Didn't hit me though, the guard was looking. When this died down, I lay in front of the glass and read a book. Then PCW! I came to, and was a bloody mess. I didn't see the guard, so I ran to a corner, I didn't see who hit me.

IT was a Thursday, and I was expecting a visit. When I got called the guard saw blood all over me and took me to the hospital instead. I can't understand it, on my way past the holding cells people laughed and wanted to do more. These are people who had never even seen me before, not my block-mates. The hospital was O.K., pretty nurses and pain killers. I had a fractured skull, broken nose, a nasty cut that bled for hours even after stitches, black eyes, and loose teeth, but my glasses didn't break. I came back to the medical unit not D block. I got a shot of demerol (synthetic heroin) and tylenol with codine. I had blurry vision and dizzy spells, and still find myself absent-minded. In medical I don't see anyone else, which is good and bad. On the negative side, there isn't much attention from the guards, whom I depend on for lights and to sharpen pencils. Phone calls are harder to get, and they forget our store orders and laundry. Also no outside exercise, and the window has a view of the cement courtyard not grass and trees like the block. On the positive side, the mattress is better, I get a easy chair (padded!) and my own shower. They let Tammy bring me a T.V. of my own, and I can keep extra food, not just eat at meal times. I got my nose operated on, more pretty nurses, sodium pentethol (truth serum) to put me under, and locally administered cocaine to kill pain and stop bleeding when I woke up. The cops came too, and they were real jerks. First, when they took me out one of them forgot to lock the gun drop box. I walked right past their guns (my chance to escape). This put them in a bad mood. At the hospital, the receptionist asked what kind of operation I was in for, one of these jerks mumbles "Castration". I told him that was the law in Georgia (it is). But at least then they let you out of jail. After the operation the nurses kept feeding me coffee and juice, but these cops put an end to it. I marked on 'em though, for leaving their guns unlocked.

That brings me up-to-date, I read, watch T.V., do pushups and write letters. I have a late, overdue term paper to write, and as soon as my sister sends in my notes I will do it. Then I'm a U of M graduate. I get sentenced on September the second, in Patrick Conlin's courtroom. It's #4 circuit court, in the county building, main and Huron. I'll get years to life, and no parole because "It's a crime of violence". How many years? It's up to the judge, he gets recommendations, the one that counts most is from a probation officer who looks into my history. It's scary having ones fate rest in the hands of a total stranger, especially after getting screwed over already. "yea's to life" means at least one, and as many as they want. What will I get? hard to say. 2 to 5, 5 to 10, 10 to 20? I've got to do the entire minimum, the last six months can be in a half-way house, like the guy who murdered Bonie. remember Bonie? that's why they are being so careful.

I'm afraid of prison! Where I go is up to the prison system, but it won't be fun. Too many criminals, violent types like I used to avoid. There is no where to run, no where to hide in prison. What's going to happen to my personality? Guess I'll learn violence just to survive. No one talks of rehabilitation. No, it's vengeance they want, to set an example. But I'll (most likely) get out some time. Will I be a better person? Will society be better off for having spent 20,000 dollars to keep me off the streets? Won't I be more dangerous then than now? All of the ex-cons I have met behave like beaten dogs. It's not a question of breaking my spirit, just how much of my spirit will they take. There is no way to insulate yourself from it, it permeates your soul, it's in the air you breathe, the food you eat, the shackles you wear and the walls that confine you. What can you do?

I have paper and envelopes, I'm not allowed books and magazines (only from the library). Write me letters about what real life is like. Second hand is all the living I'm going to do for a while. I just exist. You might rip articles out of magazines, and if the cops are nice they will let them through.

I got a good appeals lawyer. my trial cost 5,000, and the appeal will cost at least 10,000, my dad paid that much for retainer. the appeal will take a year or more.

Mike sent me a Isolated But Hearts, maybe Sean would print my letter. (no problem-Ed.) Mike moved to New York, so some one else must send the next one. (once again, no problem-Ed.) you can send photos too, and if you want I'll send them back. If you want to visit, call my mom or my sister first, otherwise you cut them off on visiting day.

Actually, if Sean published my plight(this version is the best and most complete), along with my sentence (whatever it turns out to be) and it's unfair, perhaps people might write to the governor for a pardon, or maybe to the next governor.

It's good to know people are interested in me, and that they care. I feel pretty lost, but there is still hope. hang in there, eh? I will.

sincerely, Chas

JUSTICE HAS ERRED, FREE CHARLES SPRATLING

P.S. A lot of women are fucked-up, especially the kinds that hang out with bands for that identity thing. But if you work at it, you can find one with a heart of gold. I did. I sympathise with the feminists, but what do they want to do about it? I'm against rape (and some kinds of teasing, for that matter) but what to do? Michigan rape laws are the most stringent anywhere; all it takes is a womans word and a jury who believes her. It's true, I know.

P.P.S. She never identified me.

And that's the story of Charles Spratling, interesting isn't it. I'm not sure what anyone can do for Chas. His situation is bad at best. Maybe the judicial system deserves renovation, the prison system certainly does. I read in the newspaper about a riot out at the Jackson prison. It would seem to me that if they can make a reusable space shuttle they could find a way to rehabilitate people instead of punishing them brutally. But no, that would cost too much money, we'll just let them suffer.

If you would like to write Chas: Charles "Chas" Spratling
#3 medical unit
Washtenaw county jail
2201 Hogback road
Ann Arbor, Mi.
48104

1-1-81

02

THESE ARE ONLY WORDS

These are only words
That flow from a pen.
Guided by a seemingly
Foggy visioned spark in flesh

Dark saw too
Light is you
Mines not through
Though it could be do

Who's is this and can it even matter
Why it must in an ever changing Space
Close your (mine) eyes and see the wonder
Moving faster & slowing race

Be Still
Know vibration
Perpetual change
That's creation

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Bob

The angry crab
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Bob - Having Second Thoughts

May
be
I
Can

Chance!

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RECORDING

The Misfits 9/25/82 at the City club

The opening band was not that bad, which is strange considering most opening bands suck pretty bad at the city club. Their name is Fate Unknown and they seemed to be a skater band, sort of surf punkish. Then the Necros showed up and played a good tight set, the new guitarist is pretty good.

When the Misfits hit the stage all hell broke loose. They did a good forty-five minute to an hour set. They did several songs off of the Walk Among Us album including Hate Breeders and Nice + going and Attitude off of the Beware album. Then they came back for four encores, each one was great, those guys never slow down.

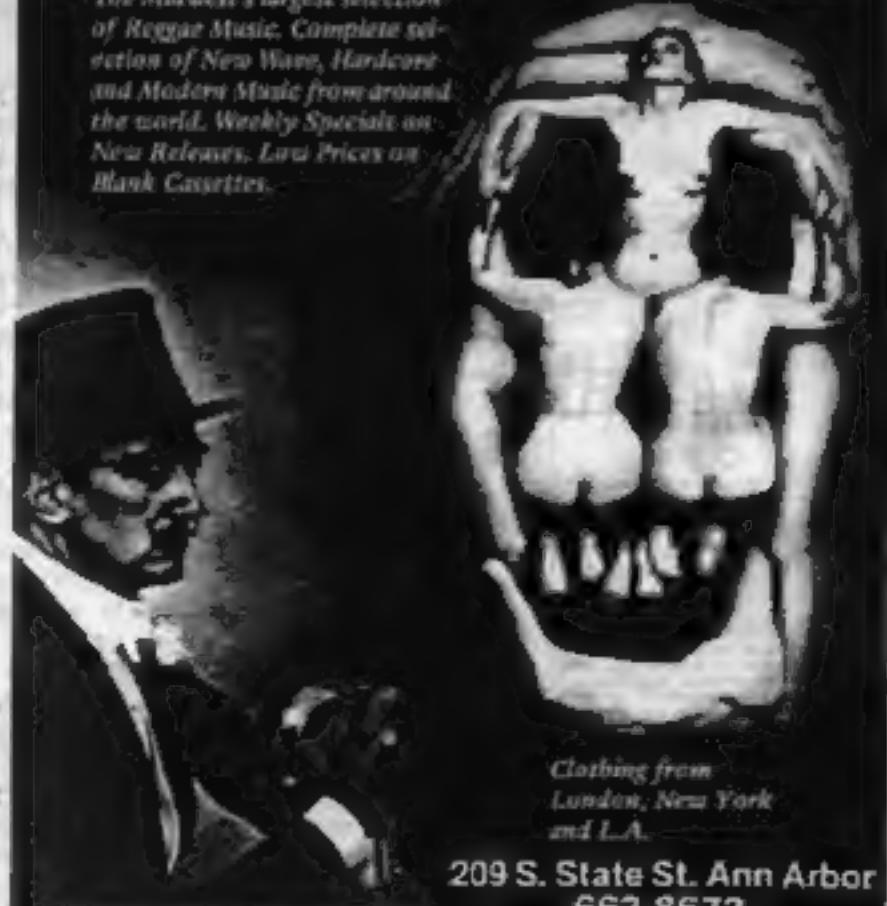
It was indeed a memorable night where many strange things happened. There were a few fights and some of them looked quite serious, although to my knowledge no one was hospitalized. About half way through the set this girl got on stage and started dancing around and one of the Misfits roadies through the girl out into the crowd where her clothes were ripped and her body ravished and tossed around. I guess one guy hit her and was promptly dealt with by the bouncers. But this wasn't enough for this young lady she got back up on stage somehow and was again ushered off.

The City Club has changed since the Cluth cargo days, it's harder to sneak in and there are more bouncers hanging out trying to start fights so it looks like their doing their job. The crowd is pretty much the same and the bums still hang out outside looking for bottles.

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WITNESSES — To accident of car. Carpenter, A. Wash.
house involving a young VW
4/16, phone call Ray, 704-2020.

THE DEAD KENNEDYS

On July 29 the Dead Kennedys came into Clutch Cargo's to give the Detroit audience a sampling of their music.

They were four other bands playing also which made the \$8 cover charge seem an cost reasonable. the show was great but \$8 seems a little much.

The first band I saw was called Slight, I guess the Crucifucks played first but I did not see them so I don't know what they were like. Slight however could make some incredible sounds on their instruments. Calling it music would take a little stretching of the imagination. The singer was painted with fluorescent paint and they had a black light shining on him. It looked really weird. They used a lot of feedback and every once in a while would do some really cool rythm things.

The next band was Negative Approach and they were really hot. Their drummer is really good, steady and fast. It was hard to see his arms they were moving so fast. The crowd started to get a little rowdy, people were doing stage dives and I saw a fight of two. As a general rule the crowd was pretty calm throughout the night, it seemed that people were rowdiest during the N.A. set but I could be wrong. During the last 2 songs in their set the microphone got fuckedup somehow, which was really a drag because they were really doing good. I've seen these guys maybe twice before but they played with more intensity than I have seen before. They were more intense than just about any other band I've ever seen. They were hot that night for sure. They fixed the mike, finished their set and came off looking real cool.

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2. \$55/Mon., \$35

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